

PROLOGUE

TO A

Commonwealth of Women,

Spoke by Mr. HAYNES,

Habited like a W H I G, Captain of the
Scyth-men in the West, a Scythe in his
Hand.

24. Aug. 1685.

FROM the West, as Champion in defence of Wit,
I come, to mow the Critticks of the Pit,
Who think we've not improv'd what Fletcher Writ.
This Godly Weapon first invented was
By Whigs, to cut down Monarchy like Grass;
But I know better how to use these Tools,
And have reserv'd my Scythe to mow down Fools:
Tet o' my Conscience they wou'd sprout again,
And the Herculean Labour were in vain.
The Pit, like Hydra's, still wou'd yield supplies,
From one lop't Block-head, twenty more would rise.
A sort of paltry Critticks yonder sit,
For this destroying Engine not unfit,
Cuckolds were always Enemies to Wit;
For Wit oft draws the Wife to leave her Spouse,
To take a small refreshing bit with us.
Phantastick Tastes how hard it is to please!
Critticks, like Flies, have several Species.
There's one that just has paid his grutch'd half-Crown,
Cries, Rot the Play, Pox on't, let's cry it down.
The censuring Spark wou'd fain seem Great and Witty,
Tet Whispers Politicks with Orange Betty;
She cracks his Philberds, whilst he, in her Ear,
Is Fighting o're again the Western War,
Bragging what numbers his sole Arm has kill'd,
Tho' the vain Fop perhaps was ne're i'th' Field.
Thus Worm that snugs in Shell where it was bred,
Is nothing to the Maggot in his head,
For Harmless Insect that those Nuts create
Is nothing to the Maggot of the Pate,
Now such a Fop as this wou'd I be at.
Another to compleat his daily Task,
Fluster'd with Claret, seizes on a Mask,
Hisses the Play, steals off with Punk i'th' dark,
He Damns the Poet, but she Claps the Spark.

I wonder

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*I wonder if the Law could doom one dead,
 That now should lop off such a Fellow's Head!
 It cannot be found Murther.—And to share
 This dreadful Fate, Thou Critticks all prepare.
 For besides all my Scythians yet unseen,
 We've yet a Female Common-wealth within,
 Who strongly Arm'd, like Furies venture on,
 And if y'approach their Trenches once, y'are gone.*

EPILOGUE.

HOW fitly 'tis for one, not yet Thirteen,
 To hope her first Essay should please you Men:
 You cannot taste what such a Creature speaks;
 Would she were three years older for your sakes;
 Two handfuls taller, a Plump pretty Lass,

*I doubt not, then my Epilogue would pass.
 But, as I am, for your Applause I sue,
 Pray spare me for the Good that I may do.
 Gallants, I better shall perform e're long,
 Despise not a poor thing because she's young.
 Twigs may be bent, Trees are too stubborn grown;
 And th' Roses Bud is sweet as Roses blown.
 In China (as I often have been told)
 The Women marry at eleven years old:
 Our Play-House is a kind of China too,
 And nothing like the Stage to make me grow;
 For, tho' not Power, I have the Will to please,
 And Will's a mighty help in such a Case.
 We on this fruitful Soyl have Women seen,
 That in few Months have grown as big agen.
 Oh Femminy! what is the Cause of that?
 I wonder what they Eat to grow so Fat?
 We young ones know not how that business is;
 But for all that we may be allow'd to guess;
 And I beginning now to chatter Sence,
 Encourag'd, may divert a Twelve-month hence:
 And therefore humbly thus I make Address,
 Excuse Faults, and accept my Will to please;
 But if you fail me, may you nevermore
 Kiss Woman under (at the least) fourscore.*

FINIS.

This may be Printed. Aug. 20. 1685. R. L. S.

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